

*The History of*

Falstafle, kinde Iacke Falstafle, true Iacke Falstafle, valiant Iack Falstafle, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old Iacke Falstafle, banish not him thy Harries company, banish not him thy Harries company; banish Plumpe Iacke, & banish al the world.

Prince I do, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most monstrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play. I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstafle.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

Ho. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle stick what's the matter?

Ho. The Sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

Fal. Doeft thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of gold a counterfeite, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince And thou a naturall coward without instinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walke vpon boue: now my matters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prince Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

Prince Now master Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prince The man, I doe assure you is not here For my selfe at this time haue imployd him:

*Henry the*

And Sheriffe I will ingage my That I will by to morrow dine Send him to answere thee or a For any thing he shall be charged And so let me intreat you leave

Sher. I will my Lord, there haue in this robbery lost 300

Prim. It may be so: if he haue He shall bee answerable: and so

Sher. Good night my noble

Prim. I thinke it is good mor

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I thin

Prim. This oyle rascall is knowne him forth.

Peto. Falstafle? fast a sleepe like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he

*He searcheth his pockets, and*

Prim. What hast thou found

Peto. Nothing but papers m

Prim. Lets see what be they:

Item a capon

Item sawce

Item, sacke, two gallons.

Item anchaues and sacke after

Item bread

O monstrous! but one half

lerable deale of sacke: what the

it at more aduantage: there let

in the morning, We must all to

honorab. Ile procure this fat

know his death will be a match

be paide backe againe with adu

the morning, and so good mor

Peto. Good morrow, good

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester*

*Owen*

Mor. These promises are fair

And